

Twelfth Night

Act I, sc. 5 (line 275)

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more;

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

And let your fervor, like my master's, be

Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.